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The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke*

VOL. XXXII DECEMBER, 1923 No. 7

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A CHRISTMAS HYMN

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was Queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars;
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

'T was in the calm and silent night!
The Senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home.
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago?

Within that province, far away,
Went plodding home a weary boor:
A streak of light before him lay,
Fall'n through a half shut stable door
Across his path. He passed—for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars! His only thought;
The air, how calm and cold and thin!
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

Oh, strange indifference! Low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still—but knew not why;
The world was listening unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed
Man's life was linked, no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out and throw
Their joyous peal abroad, and light
The darkness, charmed and holy now.
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new born,
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven.
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

—*Alfred Domett.*

HEAVEN IN EARTHLY HOMES

But, according to his promise, we look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.—2 Peter III, 13.

In the minds of the early Christians there was a strange mixture of feelings as regards the present life. They were looking forward with constant and eager expectation for the coming of the Lord. The word used to describe this yearning implies the head and neck strained eagerly forward to catch sight of some approaching chariot. Their watchword was, "The Lord is at hand." They thought that any morning might witness the flaming advent of their King.

There are two great spheres of public activity, politics and business; and for each of us privately there is the domestic, the social, the individual life. Let me try to show how, not in our homes only, but through all our lives, living as children of the Kingdom, we may anticipate something of its final blessedness.

We, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. You see St. Peter's conception of the new universe. Its one characteristic to him is righteousness. Is righteousness attainable by man? If it be, then the essence of God's kingdom is not beyond man's reach. If righteousness be attainable here and now, then here and now we may at least enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Is our conception of happiness

identified with righteousness? Is that the thing which we desire? Is that our ideal? Is that the one goal to which we are stretching forward in the heavenly race? If so, then for us, even here and now, "the path to heaven lies through heaven, and all the way to heaven is heaven." What sort of a condition answers to the heaven of which you dream, for which you sigh? Is it a state of things which you vaguely call glory? Is it a starry crown—the symbol of supreme self-aggrandisement? Is it a golden throne—the summit of individual exaltation? Is it the rest of an untroubled indolence? If so our heaven may prove to be indeed a chimera both now and hereafter. Such notions of heaven betray the unsuspected fact that, after all, our high spiritual hopes resolve themselves into mere earthliness—into an ill-concealed amalgam of vanity and selfishness.

The true conception of heaven is holiness. It is the elimination of baseness and of sin. So says David. "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, or who shall rise up in his holy place? Even he that hath clean hands and a pure heart, and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity, nor sworn to deceive his neighbor. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation."

Do you look upon heaven as a reward, or a personal honor? An unlimited treasury, or a sort of glorified star-and-ribbon? It is nothing so trumpery, or so commercial; and if it were, it is not our poor shivering virtues that would deserve it. It is not a reward; it is the gift of God. Do you want "to go to heaven," as they phrase it? Well, you may go to heaven now if you really desire it, and if you know what heaven means. "Go to heaven!" My friends, heaven is a temper, not a place. What do you pray for, when you pray for heaven?

Amid the eager competition of business, amid the mad desire for pleasure and for gold, how many of you are seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness? Ah! my friends, if God and his righteousness be our conception of heaven, we may attain thereto—aye, without money, without price.

Millions of men are engaged in one form or other of trade and commerce, and every one of us is more or less occupied in affairs with which money is concerned. Now one main element of righteousness is stainless honesty, inflexible integrity. Have you ever thought how immense an amelioration would be introduced into the conditions of life if perfect integrity, if stainless honesty were, as it might be, the invariable rule? How keenly does the Book of Proverbs express the world's experience of the commonness of cheating, and quackery, and selfish struggling competition, and the incessant aim to overreach and to defraud, to make unjust gains, to win all we legally or illegally can, not the fair and honest profit and proportion! But the Christian must ever pray, "Let integrity and uprightness preserve me, for I wait on Thee."

Once more—for, as I said, I desire only to illustrate the subject, not to exhaust it—with perfect integrity, and perfect purity, there must also be perfect love in the new heaven and that tender charitable truthfulness which is a part of it. We need a new heaven and a new earth, most of all, because so many men by hatred and by untruthfulness, as well as by dishonesty and uncleanness, turn earth from a possible heaven into an anticipated hell. Of all pitiable lives the most pitiable is that of those who think scandal is amusing, and take lies for wit. Other vices ally men to brutes, but of malevolent falsehood man has the sad and degrading monopoly.

Now I appeal to every one among you to tell me whether you do not clearly see that life would be utterly different if men would make it different; unutterably more blessed if men sought or cared for the elements of blessedness. Oh! that men would be true men, and that women would be the holy and gracious things which God meant women to be!

Man may be like the brutes or like the angels, as he will. A society of men as God meant them to be, a true Church of Christ—Ah! it would be a place which angels themselves might love. And we might help, each one of us, to make earth so. And the more heartily we do this, each for ourselves, the more surely will others do it, for it is astonishing how much good goodness makes.

And, in conclusion, be it small or be it great, a Church, an ideal Church, a Church of Christ there shall be, and a Church of Christ there is; and therefore, even here and now, we may behold, we may belong to, the new heaven and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. Let us not be impatient about it; let us not despair. If we do, we shall not understand the true spirit of the saints of God. They ever felt, even in the worst of times, that God's kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and his dominion endureth throughout all ages. Days of darkness they have known, days of vexation, days in which God seemed to be almost terribly silent, and yet they have been "pressed on every side, but not straitened; perplexed, yet not to despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed!"

However dark the horizon, whether of the State, or of the Church, or of our individual lives; however ominous the clouds may seem to loom upon our future, "let us have grace to serve God acceptably, with reverence and godly fear." Let us do this, and we shall have begun already to enter into that new heaven and that new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

—*Frederick W. Farrar.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. Tel. Granite 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Please read and follow the suggestions.

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary that letters be written with ink.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share towards a friendly understanding.

OFFERS

The following are offered by All Souls Branch, New York. Please address Mrs. F. C. Brush, 29 High St., Montclair, New Jersey.

Stories and Sketches, by S. L. Anderson.
The Little Minister, by J. M. Barrie.
Love Conquers All, by R. M. Benchley.
Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family, by Mrs. Charles.
Cranford, by Mrs. Gaskell.
Ships That Pass in the Night, by Beatrice Harraden.
The Luck of Roaring Camp, by Bret Harte.
Bella Donna, by Robert Hichens.
Stories (two vols.), by "Saxe Holme."
Three Men in a Boat, by Jerome K. Jerome.
The Last of the Mohicans, by James Fenimore Cooper.
The Finest Story in the World, by Rudyard Kipling.
The Tysons, by May Sinclair.
Treasure Island, by R. L. Stevenson.
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, by R. L. Stevenson.
Carlotta's Intended, by Ruth McEnery Stuart.
Uncle Tom's Cabin, by Harriet Beecher Stowe.
Eleanor, by Mrs. Humphry Ward.
Robert Elsmere, by Mrs. Humphry Ward.
Dreams, by Olive Schreiner.
My Summer in a Garden, by Charles Dudley Warner.
The Light of Asia, by Edwin Arnold.
Aurora Leigh, by E. B. Browning.
Poetical Works, of George Gordon (Lord) Byron.
The Pleasures of Memory, by Thomas Campbell.
The Pleasures of Hope, by Thomas Campbell.
Bitter-Sweet, by J. G. Holland.
Kathrina, by J. G. Holland.
Poems, by Jean Ingelow.
Poems (two vols.), by James Russell Lowell.
The Æneid, by Vergil.
Poems, by J. G. Saxe.
Sonnets, by Shakespeare.
Selected Poems, by Robert Browning.
The Lady of the Lake, by Walter Scott.
Snowbound, by J. G. Whittier.
Plays by Shakespeare (Rolfe edition) as follows:

Julius Cæsar.
King John.
King Henry the Fourth (Parts I and II).
Richard the Third.
Henry the Eighth.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.
As You Like It.
Hamlet.
Macbeth.
The Merchant of Venice.
Othello.
Romeo and Juliet.
A Winter's Tale.

Alice in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll.
Jackanapes, and Other Tales, by Mrs. J. H. Ewing.

Manual of English Literature, by Thomas Arnold.
The Theory of the State, by J. K. Bluntschelie.
Whittier, by Mrs. James T. Fields.
Transcendentalism in New England, by O. B. Frothingham.
Baroness Bunsen's Life and Letters.
The Master of the Inn, by Herrick.
Hesperides, by Herrick.
The Conquest of Granada, by Washington Irving.
Prose Sketches, by C. L. Collins.
Essays and Literary Studies, by S. Leacock.
Among Friends, by Samuel McChord Crothers.
By the Christmas Fire, by Samuel McChord Crothers.
The Gentle Reader, by Samuel McChord Crothers.
The Pardoner's Wallet, by Samuel McChord Crothers.
Among My Books, by James Russell Lowell.
Caleb Matthews, an Idyl of the Maine Coast, by R. W. McLaughlin.
Utopia, by Sir Thomas More.
Civil Government, by John Locke.
Principles of Political Economy, (vol. I) by John Stuart Mill.
One Thousand Flashes of French Wit, by J. De Finod.
Making Advertisements, by R. S. Durstine.
Addresses, by Henry Drummond.
Essays (First and Second Series), by R. W. Emerson.
Wit and Wisdom of George Eliot.
Puss-Cat Mew, by Knatchbull-Hugessen.
Another Englishman's Love-Letters, by Barry Pain.
Discourse on the Death of Daniel Webster, by Theodore Parker.
Hypnotic Therapeutics, by Quackenbos.
Mornings in Florence, by John Ruskin.
Cheeriness, by W. R. Rutherford.
Ethics: an Introductory Manual, by F. Ryland.
Nerve Waste, by H. C. Sawyer.
Ecce Homo, by Sir John Seeley.
Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson.
Brilliants from writings of Spurgeon.
Lavender and Rosemary, by E. Stevens.
Proverbial Philosophy, by Martin F. Tupper.
Collected Books (Vols. I, II), by Arthur Upson.
A Christmas Rose, by E. T. White.
A Garden of Remembrance, by J. T. White.
Are You a Bromide?, by Gelett Burgess.
The Ascent of Man, by Henry Drummond.
A Gallery from Schiller.

REQUESTS

1. I have a little boy six years old. He is going to school now and learning fast. He would be glad of a book with Bible stories and pictures in it. Please remember us at Christmas. (Mrs.) Leon Carter, Timmonsville, S. C., Box 199.

2. As it has been some time since I wrote and as it is getting cold, I will come asking for more reading. I would be glad to get any of Zane Grey's or Robert Chambers' or other books or magazines, or anything in the way of scraps to make patchwork. I shall be seventy-four the 19th. of December and would be glad to be remembered on that day. Bettie A Short, Elamsville, Va., R. F. D.

3. Mrs. Francis, Howe, Tex., Route 2, would like very much to receive either *The World's Work* or the *American Magazine.*

4. Dear Cheerful Letter friends, I wish to thank you all for your kindness in the past. I am going to Florida to live; will be here until Christmas—after that my address will be, Callahan, Warsaw Co., Florida, care of S. H. Strom. I hope my friends will not forget me; I shall be among strangers. Will someone send me *Good Housekeeping,* or any good reading matter for another year? (Mrs.) J. Porter, Doerun, Ga., Route 3.

5. I am so thankful the dear Lord has spared me through another year to enjoy the comfort of the Cheerful Letter friends. It is so much pleasure to a shut-in to get comfort from an unknown friend. God is wonderful, and lets his work shine in so many ways. I am not able to write to each one separately each time, so I take the privilege of thanking them through the little paper, the *Cheerful Letter;* it has the right name. I hope God will bless each one and add stars to their crowns for the kindness they have shown me. I may never meet any of the dear ones on earth, but I hope to meet them in a better place, where partings will be no more and all of our troubles are ended. My health is no better and my right hand and arm are in bad shape at present. I have three little children in school—girls, nine and six and a boy, twelve. Would be very glad of any reading and drawing for children of their ages in the fourth grade and the primer. I would be so glad to have a dialogue and speech book; and please send my baby pictures and postcards to amuse her; she is two years and five months old and has no one to play with when the others are in school. Please remember us at Christmas, as I can never get out, and I suffer so much. I should like any kind of quilt pieces and bits of embroidery thread. My two older boys, in first year high school (aged fifteen and seventeen) would also like something to read. I may never be able to write another letter to the little paper, but, if it is the Lord's will, I hope to enjoy the comfort many more

years. Please remember me on my birthday—I have never asked that before. I should be so glad to have the *Cheerful Letter* paper after it has been read by someone. (Mrs.) Emma Blankenship, Hurts, Pittsylvania Co., Va., Route 2, Box 85. [*Date of birthday is not given.*]

6. I am the mother of four children, aged from four to fourteen—two boys and two girls. I would be glad of a good book for the children, also picture books for the baby girl. I would also like some Sabbath reading for myself and quilt scraps of any kind. (Mrs.) C. J. Nolen, Elamsville, Va.

7. I am eleven years old; I live in the country ten miles from the railroad. We farm for a living but are poor. I like to read and to get cards, and would be glad to get any kind of books or cards, Vivian E. Turner, Stuart, Va., Route 5.

8. I wish to thank each one of the Cheerful Letter friends who have so kindly remembered my children and me in the past. I hope they will not forget the children at Christmastime. God has blessed our union with a dear little baby girl five months old. (Mrs.) J. A. Drumheller, Forks of Buffalo, Va.

9. I appeal to you, good friends, for comfort and cheer, I have three children, but they are married and gone, and last week I lost my dear husband, which has made my home dark and lonely. I should be glad to receive letters, reading matter, and—most of all—patchwork to while away the lonely days. I have written once before and heard from one lady. (Mrs.) E. L. Wood, Pera, Va.

10. I am a girl twelve years old, living in the mountains. I have one little sister and three brothers, and my mother is not very strong. I would be glad of pieces for patchwork and also some reading suitable for me. My sister Beatrice, nine years of age, would be glad to receive pictures and postcards. I would like to correspond with some girls about my age. We go to the Blue Ridge Mission School. For reference, write to the Rev. Ralph Yow, Elamsville, Va. Irene Massey, Stuart, Va., Route 5, Box 37.

11. I am writing to ask for some literature for myself and six children—books or magazines or anything to make us happy. I have two little girls, the oldest (Thelmon) is three years old and the baby three months. Jack, the youngest boy, is five; Ames is six, Orville seven and Carl, the oldest, is eight. We live in the country about five miles from town. My husband works hard for a living. I hope to be remembered in the cold winter. (Mrs.) Cora Dotson, Dayton, Tenn., Route 4, Box 197.

12. I am an old lady and have been weakly for years. Have had a lot of sickness in our family—nine living children and one dead. I want to ask the readers of the *Cheerful Letter* for scraps of any kind, silk, velvet or gingham, or bits of crochet thread. I should be glad of any kind of good reading for my son, aged twenty-three, whose health is not good. A copy of the *Cheerful Letter* itself would be appreciated. (Mrs.) Sarah Hall, Endicott, Va.

13. I am writing thanks to friends for sending me reading. They gave no name so I could not thank them direct, but only through the paper. I would like to be remembered at Christmas and to have a letter from some friend. My address is (Mrs.) L. E. Spears, Marshville, N. C., Route 5.

14. Will the *Cheerful Letter* please accept thanks for past favors; and, if I am not asking too much, I should greatly appreciate some good literature—books, magazines and papers—suitable for children in high school and grammar grades; also reference works in the way of an Encyclopedia; and a Bible in large print, for an old lady. Pictures for the schoolroom, Christmas cards, bells and ornaments for a Christmas tree would be most acceptable. I should be glad to get Cambridge's Modern History of the United States and Lossing's History of the American Revolution. (Miss) Sue Hardie, Pleasant Shade, Va.

15. I am writing to you for silk and velvet scraps and I would like some good books and magazines too for my daughter, aged fifteen and some picture books and cards for my boy, aged eight. I would like very much to have *Needlecraft* for myself. I give for reference the name of Rev. J. F. Craig, Ferguson, N. C. (Mrs.) Sophronia Watson, Boomer, N. C.

16. I want to thank the Cheerful Letter friends for their kindness and what they have done for me and my family. I hope they will continue to send me scraps and reading, and that they will remember me on my birthday, Dec. 25. May God bless every friend who has written to me, and may the good work grow on and on. I shall be glad if somebody will remember my family at Christmas, especially my crippled boy. (Mrs.) E. D. Tyson, Ansonville, N. C., Box 221.

17. I am a woman with ten children to care for and I don't have any money to buy reading matter. I would be so glad to get a few good books and magazines for my children to read

Their ages are, (boys) sixteen and fourteen, and a girl of twelve; and I would be glad of picture books and funny papers for three younger ones. I would like to have patchwork scraps for myself. My pastor's name is Rev. J. F. Craig, Ferguson, N. C.—(Mrs.) Ella Earp, Boomer, N. C.

18. I am a widow fifty-three years of age, and while I am not an invalid, I am ill a great part of the time and would appreciate anything in the way of reading material and scraps. I am not poverty-stricken, but cannot well afford to spend money for much reading matter. (Mrs.) Lucy Long, Calhoun, Tenn.

19. I wish to thank the one who has been sending me the *Cheerful Letter*. I should be very thankful for a Bible, some good reading, and quilt scraps. Mrs.) Clara Liner, Englewood, Tenn., Route 2, Box 20.

20. There are only a few Unitarians here; we have no organized society, nor any minister, but there is plenty of work to do—a great many poor children and old people. Every Christmas we try to do something for them. Last year the *Cheerful Letter* friends did a great deal for us; any help you can render this year in the way of Christmas cheer will be appreciated by a grateful people. J. R. Weaver, Lansing, N. C.

21. Mrs. Nell Carlton, Boomer, N. C., will greatly appreciate any books or magazines, especially *Good Housekeeping* and the *Delineator*. Letters will be welcome, too.

22. I am a stranger, and I would like to receive some quilt scraps, also picture cards for my little boy and two little girls. (Mrs.) J. J. Edwards, Farmville, Va., Route 1, Box 76.

23. Mrs. W. R. Huddleston, Farmville, Va., would be glad of reading and scraps for patchwork. Her pastor is the Rev. F. W. Osborn.

24. Miss Pearl Bradshaw, Garland, N. C., Route 1, Box 29, will be glad of light reading.

25. Patchwork scraps are asked for by:—
Mrs. Sallie M. Threadgill, Ansonville, N. C.
Miss Beulah Brooks, Wadesboro, N. C., Route 1, Box 83.
Mrs. Minnie Alsobrook, Mangum, N. C.
Mrs. Mary Curry, Spencer, Va., R. 1.
Mrs. Rilla Wise, Ada, Okla.
Miss M. V. Bright, Roosevelt, Okla., Route 3, Box 91.
Miss Edna Jones, Ferrum, Va.

OUR BOY SCOUTS

SOME RECENT NEWS ITEMS ABOUT THEIR DOINGS

A YOUTHFUL hero goes unidentified about the streets of Macon, Ga., too modest to make himself known as saving a woman's life.

"There was an accident on the road," says a local account of the rescue. "The woman, hurled through the windshield of an automobile, suffered a severed artery in the arm. A number of lads were taking an Eagle Scout test on highways out of Macon. One of these, tramping fourteen miles to prove that he was worthy of the rating, was near the scene of the accident. He knew first aid, of course. A skilfully prepared tourniquet stopped the flow of blood and saved the victim's life. When an ambulance came up the boy disappeared."

The sight of a Boy Scout of Augusta, Ga., quietly guiding a blind negro across a crowded street at a point where autos and street cars rush past was the inspiration of a letter of appreciation of the Scout spirit from one signing himself "A Friend of the Boy Scouts."

"I felt like going up to the Scout and expressing my congratulations on such helpfulness to this poor blind negro," says the writer. "This is perhaps only one of the hundreds of acts of helpfulness that are shown constantly by this youthful organization."

A New York newspaper tells of a Scout good turn, quoting a woman of the tenements in the following words:

"Yestiddy morning the bell rang an' when I answered there stood a little fellow in a brown suit with a colored handkerchief 'round his neck. 'Say,' he sez, 'you got a garbage pail out on the curb that's slopping over, without a cover on it. You ought to have a larger one.'

"Well, I told the kid that we did n't have any too much money, and what we did have didn't go to buy garbage pails every time some fresh kid wanted us to. 'But, you see,' he says, 'I'm a Boy Scout and I'm trying to win a merit badge in public health. Now that pail of yours is open, so the flies can get into it; then they fly straight into your house and walk over the stuff you eat with their dirty feet. Besides, it's against the law.'

" 'I'm sorry,' I says, 'but I have no money to get one.' He looked at me a minute without saying a word and then went off. I forgot about it entirely. This morning the bell rang again, and there stood the kid holding that new pail in his hand. 'Here,' he says, shoving it at me, 'the fellows in my troop want me to give this to you. We all chipped in.' Then he got all red in the face, saluted and ran away.

"God bless the kid. If all them Boy Scouts is like that they're all right."—*New York Times.*

A VISIT FROM SAINT NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas,
And all through the house
Not a creature was stirring—
Not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung
By the chimney with care,
In hopes that Saint Nicholas
Soon would be there;
The children were nestled
All snug in their beds
While visions of sugar-plums
Danced through their heads;
And Mamma in her 'kerchief,
And I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains
For a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn
There arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed
To see what was the matter.
Away to the window
I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters
And threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast
Of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of midday
To objects below,
When what to my wondering
Eyes did appear
But a miniature sleigh
And eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver,
So lively and quick,
I knew in a moment
He must be Saint Nick.
More rapid than eagles
His coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted
And called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer!
Now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! On, Cupid!
On, Donder and Blixen!
To the top of the porch!
To the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away!
Dash away, all!"
As leaves that before
The wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle,
Mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop
The coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys
And Saint Nicholas, too,
And then, in a twinkling,
I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing
Of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head
And was turning around,
Down the chimney Saint Nicholas
Came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur
From his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished
With ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys
He had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler
Just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled!
His dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses,
His nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth
Was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin
Was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe
He held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled
His head like a wreath;
He had a broad face
And a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed,
Like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump,
A right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him,
In spite of myself,
A wink of his eye
And a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know
I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word,
But went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings,
Then turned with a jerk,
And, laying a finger
Aside of his nose,
And giving a nod,
Up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh—
To his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew
Like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim,
Ere he drove out of sight,

"Happy Christmas to All
and to All a Good-Night!"

—*Clement C. Moore.*

The power which moves the world is hope. An anxious, doubtful, timid man can accomplish little. Fear unnerves us: hope inspires us.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also *letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music* and *letters offering music* should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 35 East 30th St., New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th St., New York City.

There is more and more interest in "community" or neighborhood singing.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and thirty-six libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

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